

Title: Biography of Revenge

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Well... my story
started when I was
born in a Valley Elf
tribe East of Yew.
The Elders believed
that due to my rather
peculiar birth mark, I
was part of a
prophecy. The one
prophecy. The one
who would bring
destruction and
terror among the tribe.

What did they do?
They simply
abandoned me as a
child in the middle of
the forest, alone and
helpless against the
beasts. I was lucky
though, as a dwarf
found me and thought
that I could be of some
use in their mines. I
grew up mining for
gold and ore in many
mountain ranges. I
remember once, we
were mining near the
mountains of my
former village, and as
I looked down I saw all
the houses with their
chimneys lit up as
smoke rose above
them. Children
playing in the streets,
and the Elders
drinking their best
wine on the patio of
their guild hall. All
this I saw while I
struck the stone over
and over, day and
night, winter and
summer. Those
hypocrites did not
know that the

prophecy would only come to be true because of their stupid beliefs. My objective had now changed in life, I would no longer want to be the best blacksmith, but I wanted revenge for the life I had been taken away. My escape from the mines was easy, when the dwarven guard passed by, I just had to squeeze his neck until all his air was drawn out. The dwarves had not percieved that since I was an elf, I had grown stronger than many of their guards were. I took his sword, which was a short sword for my size, and made my way out. Slaying many guards in order to get down the mountain and travel around Britania in search for new "friends". I gained my fame among the brigands by stealing and escorting Nobles to their death. This fame made it possible for many men to join me in aid for revenge. At last came the day when I had my own army of men, my own armor and magic broadsword I was able to steal from the corpse of an enchanter who crossed my way. I decided to train my men near the hedge maze and set a camp there. Often I would go to Yew and buy provissions. One day before I had decided to attack my former village, I caught a spy

while my men were training. This dark haired elf was sent by the men of the Village to spy on me. I followed him to some caves in the mountain range and engaged in a battle with him. It was an easy kill, he was rather unexperienced with the sword. The storm seemed to get his attention and every time lightning came down, he panicked. I smiled at this and stuck my sword forward in his stomach, feeling the warmth of his blood runing through my fingers. I checked his journal, and this made me furious. The man's name was Rhama'Locke, meaning "Winged Dragon" and he was seen as a hero in his writings, as well as in the letters he carried from his fiance. The man was seen as a hero and I was a fiend,baptized with the name O'Huine Goth meaning "Dark Enemy"! I should have been Rhama'Locke, the hero. I should have been sitting at my house with my fiance by my side.....

Rhama'Locke, that is one name I will never forget. The next day, we struck the village. I made sure that I killed the elders myself. No one was spared, not even the little children, and the